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MY FIRST LOVE.

Long years ago, when many of the broad valleys of the "dark and bloody ground" were shaded by deep unbroken forests, and the wild stag bounded away over the rock-beget hill, at the approach of the professional huntsman, I walked along the little green dell, that I love to call my birth-place, with her, who was the object of my first love. She lives in my memory yet, the fairest form I have ever seen, more like the matchless phantom of some heavenly vision, than a creature of flesh and blood. Her dark chestnut hair clustered around a neck and shoulders as fair as oriental pearls; her cheeks vied, in freshness and hue, with the wild rose that clustered among the rocky cliffs that skirted the hazelwood dell; her liquid brown eyes were softer than those of the mountain gazelle; her lips were soft and red as the May cherry, half ripe; her song out-rivaled the dearest notes of the wood-lark; her laugh was sweeter than the soft murmurings of the gentle gliding cascade; her countenance was serene and pure as a May morning sky, and her step was light and elastic as that of the wild roe. Her dress and manners were chaste and simple, and unpretending as nature's self. Her affections were pure, and void of affectation as a child's, and her language was as simple and frank as that of a little girl of six summers. And, yet, she was a woman grown-older than I was. But I am not ashamed to confess that I loved such a woman, as I can never love another. For her I culled the choicest flowers, and the first ripe fruit, from the maiden growth, in the garden of my heart, and then opened wide its portals, and bid her, unreservedly, to take all. I never recalled it. It was hers, then, and will be hers for ever. Her love I never doubted, more than I doubted my own. I do not remember if we ever spoke to each other on that subject, after we had known each other for a short time. Each of us seemed to understand the other's heart, and we were satisfied. I think I never felt a pang of jealousy that she loved another more than me, and she never exhibited such a feeling. I do not remember when I first met her, or when I began to love her. But at the time we walked together along the little woody dell, near to which we both lived, I felt that I had loved her forever. I think it was near the last of May, and on a Saturday afternoon. The sun had gone half way from the zenith to the horizon, when I entered the familiar cottage, where she lived, and asked her to walk with me. I believe I had some fears that she would not go, but after a few moments persuasion, her love for me, yielded to my earnestness, and she laid aside her distaff and we started to spend, together, one of the happiest evenings I ever enjoyed—a happier one than I ever expect to enjoy again, on this side the land of spirits. We walked slowly down to the narrow vale, over-shadowed by a thick forest of beech, and sugar maple, and elm, with a few large tulip trees. A clear mountain stream meandered along the little valley, winding back and forth, across the vale, and forming many capes, peninsulas and islands. Sometimes its transparent wa-

ter rippled along over yellow and white pebbles, sometimes they glided swiftly, but silently, over a smooth rock-bottom, and then widened into pools, from a half-fathom to a fathom in depth, in which sported multitudes of fishes, varying in size from the spawn, a half inch in length, to the blithe sportive bass, twelve inches long. Near this stream my grand-father had found a home, in the western wilds, when elks and bears roamed over the neighboring hills, and the war-hoof of the red man answered the hoarse howling of the wolves, and the shrill scream of the panther; my father had often drunk of its limpid waters, when weary from chasing the deer; it was my fishing stream, in the days of my early boyhood, and now I walked along its flowing banks—classic in the memory of bantamites—with her, whom I loved, with the purest holiest love I ever felt for any being of earth. With her ungloved fingers she plucked the wild roses from the overhanging cliffs, and gave the fairest to me. I climbed a serviceberry-tree, whose boughs were hanging with rich ripe fruit, whose hues were rivaled in beauty only by the pure and healthful blush of her guileless lips. I gathered the richest clusters and presented them to her, an offering from my well-known, but unspoken love, and was rewarded a thousand-fold by her smile of thanks. We loitered along the bank of the rivulet, plucking and pulling to pieces wild flowers, picking up little pebbles and casting them into the brook, repeating legends of the nursery, and, anon, speaking reverently of God, who made the world so beautiful and us so happy, until we came to a great old elm, whose roots dipped into the crystal waters of the brook; its wide spreading branches, beneath which Indian youths had wood their tawny bridles, many centuries before, were clothed in the thick foliage of the later spring-time, and threw around its stately trunk a deep sombre shade. We sat down at the root of this glorious monarch of the wood, and surveyed, with silent awe, a scene of surpassing loveliness. Lofty hills, seemingly formed of immense ledges and broken fragments of limestone, thrown together in that ever-varying irregularity, so pleasing to the eye of nature, and over-clad with old gnarled and storm-battered forest trees, with an under-growth of vines and wild roses, now in full bloom, stretched along each side of the narrow valley. A dense unbroken forest covered the vale as far as the eye could reach. My apples and cow slips and wild ginger spotted the ground over with their dark green foliage, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of sweet-williams and wild roses.—The wood-bines were vocal with the hum of merry insects, and far along the ravine sang out the shrill notes of the water-lark. Earth's rich carpet was chequered over with the sunbeams that struggled down, astant, through the thick foliage of the lofty forest trees. And the all-prevailing Spirit of Nature seemed to breathe life and love into every being of her mighty domain. There are hours in human life when the soul is too happy for converse. When the softest breathing word of love would sound harsh as profanity—when sincere lovers see near to each other, while their thoughts, and spirits, and lives blend into one, and gently pulsate with heaven-born emotions too holy and happy to be disturbed by human language. Such, to us, was the hour we spent at the foot of that old tree. I took no note of the time we sat there. It might have been an age, it might have been but a moment. Thought, and life, and being—all save the consciousness of being near and loving her—slept. I might have been in some lonely desert, or floating upon the great ocean of ether above; I thought not, heard not, saw not; I only felt the unspeakable rapture of being near her. Only once in mortal life is such joy sent to us; and that, perhaps, only to teach us that there is such joy, and to incite us to seek it, in that World, from whence it comes. The sun had dipped half his broad red disk behind a western hill, when the sharp crack of a huntsman's rifle echoed across the dale, and started us up. We walked slowly to the cottage she called her home, bearing in our bosoms the indescribably beautiful image of the heaven in which our spirits had seemed to wander forever. For such another hour as that I would give a lifetime's possession of all the desert wastes of this world. A few times afterwards I wandered by her side

along that lovely dale. Our love seemed to grow holier and higher. She always spoke of God and Heaven, and of fruits and flowers that never fade. Her countenance was calm and serious, but her smile was gentle and sweet, as the softest radiance of hope. Her spirit seemed to have received a summons to come home on the evening that we sat by the old elm tree by the brook-side. She soon began to look paler and thinner, and a hectic spot burned on her cheek. A few months later, and I knelt by her bedside, and we offered up our last joint prayer, and her spirit went to its eternal Home. We bore her to the green grave yard where her mother had long slept.—We shed over her some silent tears, but they were tears of hope. "She is not dead, but sleepeth," was whispered into my heart as I turned away from the rustic grave, and she lives in my heart forever. My love for her is as fresh and green as when we sat together beneath the dear old elms, and no one shall ever displace it. Reader, that woman was my mother.

ANON.

HENDERSON, KY., May, 1863.

MARY THORNE'S COUSIN.

A ROMANCE.

"Mary, I am astonished!"

Of course the grave elder sister was astonished! In truth, and in fact, she lived in a chronic state of amazement, for Mary Thorne was always doing something to astonish her friends and relatives. Miss Ruth could hardly credit the evidence of her own senses in the hazy glow of the August morning, when she came out of the clammy shadows of the south porch and discovered that yonder moving object half way up among the umbrous branches of the huge old pear tree, was not a spray of leaves, nor yet a russet-plummed robin, nor a cluster of sun-cheeked pears swinging in the emprise, but—Miss Mary Thorne comfortably perched in the gnarled tree, her curls all fluffed with the sited rain of sunshine that came down through the shifting canopy of leaves, and a book in her hand.

"I don't care!" said the little damsel, laughing saucy defiance. "It's the nicest place in the world up here; I feel just like a bird, with the leaves fluttering against my face, and the wind blowing so softly—and I intend to stay here!—Wouldn't you like to come up here, Ruth? It's easily done—first put your foot on that knot and—"

Ruth, who was thirty, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, bristled up with amazement.

"Mary Thorne! are you crazy! come down this instant!"

"I shan't," said naughty Mary, tossing the silken shower of curls away from her forehead, and glancing down with eyes that shone and sparkled like two jewels!

"But we all going—"

"Yes, I understand—you are all going in triumphal procession to the depot, to render an ovation to the great Professor La Place, the wisest, saggest and grandest of mankind, to whom the Thorne family have the unutterable honor of being second cousins, and to escort him solemnly to a month's sojourn at Thorne Hall! Oh, dear!" ejaculated Mary, "I wish I could run away somewhere and hide! I hate this paragon of prime precision! I shan't marry him if he asks, and I mean to behave so badly that he won't dream of it! No I am not going with you—I hate the close barouche, and it's too warm to ride on horseback. I shall stay at home."

And Miss Mary settled herself so snugly with one tiny slippers foot swinging down, and her pretty head close to a nest of blue speckled bird's eggs, that Ruth gave it up with a sigh of despair.

"Well, then, have it your own way, you incorrigible romp! I wish you weren't too big to shut up in a dark closet or have your ears boxed."

"It is a pity, isn't it?" said Mary demurely.

"Of course it is, Mary. If cousin Tom Bradley comes this morning, be sure and explain to him why we are absent and behave like a young lady."

"Ali right!" said Mary dauntlessly, "I always liked Tom! we used to have grand romps together when we were children!"

She sat there in the old pear tree, prettier than any Hamadrid that ever might have haunted the mossy old veteran of the garden, her cheek touched with sunshine and carmine, her dimpled lips apart, now reading a line or two from the book in her lap, now looking up, rapt in girlish reverie, into the blue sky as it sparkled down through evermoving leaves and now breaking into a soft little warble of song that made the very robins themselves put their heads aside to listen! The carriage had driven away long since—she had watched it beyond the curve of the winding road; the dark mantle of shadow was slowly following the velvet lawn below and the old church spire among the far off woods had chimed out eleven.—And still Mary Thorne sat there in the forked branches of the giant pear tree.

Suddenly there floated up into her leafy sanctuary a pungent, aromatic odor which made her lean curiously forward, shading her eyes with one hand, the better to penetrate the green foliage below. Not the late monthly roses—not the amethyst borders of heliotrope, nor the spicy geraniums—none of these blossoms distilled that peculiar smell!

"My patience!" said little Mary. "It's a cigar!"

A cigar it was, and the owner thereof—she could just see a white linen coat and a tall head covered with black wavy curls—stood on the porch steps quietly smoking, and indulging in a lengthened view of the garden slopes.

"That's Tom Bradley!" said Mary to herself. "Now if he thinks I'm coming down out of this delicious cool place to sit up straight in the hot parlor, he's mistaken! Tom!" she called out, in a silver accent of imperative summons, and then burst into a merry laughter at the evident amazement with which the stranger gazed round him, vainly trying to conjecture whence the call had proceeded.

"You, dear, stupid cousin Tom!" she ejaculated; "don't stare off towards the cabbage beds! Look straight up here! you may come up if you please—there's plenty of room for both!—You are cousin Tom, aren't you?" she continued, as a sudden misgiving crossed her mind.

"Of course I am; and you are Mary, I suppose?"

"Mary herself! Up with you Tom—catch hold of this branch—there. Now shake hands—you saucy fellow, I didn't say you might kiss me!"

"Well, I couldn't help it—and besides aren't we cousins?" said Mr. Tom, swinging himself comfortably into a branch just above Mary.

"Why, Tom, how you have changed!" ejaculated the young lady, pushing back the curls with one hand, that she might the better view her playmate of childhood's day. "Your hair never curled so before; and what a nice moustach you've got! I should not have known you, Tom!"

"No?" said Tom, roguishly.

"And you've grown so tall! I declare, Tom, you're splendid."

The gentleman laughed. "I could return the compliment, if I dared! But where are the rest of my relations? The house is as empty as a haunted hall."

"All gone to welcome the horrid poky old Prof. La Place, who has graciously indicated his willingness to pass a few weeks with us. Tom, I do hate that man!"

"Hate him, what for?"

"O, I don't know, I'm sure he is a snuff-dried, concealed old wretch, and I'll wager a box of gloves he wears spectacles."

"Nonsense, Mary, why he is only twenty-six."

"I don't care—I know he's rheumatic and wears spectacles for all that. And, Tom—now if you'll never, never breathe a word of this—"

"I won't upon my honor," said Tom. "Well, then, papa has actually got the idea into his dear old head that I should make a nice wife for the Professor, and—"

Mary turned away with crimson indignation flashing in her cheeks.

"It is too bad of you to laugh, Tom! I never will marry the man."

"I wouldn't if I were you," consoled Tom. "But Cousin Mary, wait and see the man before you decide. He may be quite a decent fellow."

"No," said Mary, shaking her head and biting her cherry lips firmly; "I hate him beforehand."

"What a spiteful little pussy you are," said her companion, laughing.

"No, indeed, Tom, I'm not;" and the blue eyes became misty. "I love papa and Ruth dearly—and I love almost everybody. I like you, Tom! but I hate the close barouche, and it's too warm to ride on horseback. I shall stay at home."

And Miss Mary settled herself so snugly with one tiny slippers foot swinging down, and her pretty head close to a nest of blue speckled bird's eggs, that Ruth gave it up with a sigh of despair.

"Would he? If she had asked him to precipitate himself out of the pear tree upon the stone steps below with those eyes fixed on his he'd have done it. Any man of taste would."

And when the large black eyes were suddenly lifted to hers, Mary felt as though he had read every thought of her mind, and blushed scarlet.

"Come, Tom," she chattered, to hide her confusion, "we've been up here long enough. Help me down, and I'll show you the old sun-dial that we used to heap up with butter-cups when we were children!"

She sat there in the old pear tree, prettier than any Hamadrid that ever might have haunted the mossy old veteran of the garden, her cheek touched with sunshine and carmine, her dimpled lips apart, now reading a line or two from the book in her lap, now looking up, rapt in girlish reverie, into the blue sky as it sparkled down through evermoving leaves and now breaking into a soft little warble of song that made the very robins themselves put their heads aside to listen! The carriage had driven away long since—she had watched it beyond the curve of the winding road; the dark mantle of shadow was slowly following the velvet lawn below and the old church spire among the far off woods had chimed out eleven.—And still Mary Thorne sat there in the forked branches of the giant pear tree.

A rumble of wheels—it was the returning carriage, and Mary clung to Tom's arm.

"The awful professor;" she whispered. "Now, cousin Tom, be sure you stand by me through everything."

"To my life's end;" was the whispering answer; and Mary felt herself crimsoning, much as she strove to repress the tell tale blood.

But there was no one in the barouche, save Mr. Thorne and Ruth as it drew up

on the grand sweep, beside the two cousins.

"Where is the Professor?" questioned Mary.

"He was not at the depot," said Ruth; "and—"

But Mr. Thorne had sprung from the carriage and clasped both the stranger's hands in his.

"La Place; is it possible? Why, we have just been looking for you at Mill Station."

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, was the reply; "but I came by the way of Wharton, and walked over this morning."

"Never mind now, so you are safe here," exclaimed the old gentleman.—"Ruth, my dear—Mary—let me introduce you to your cousin, Professor La Place."

Mary had dropped his arm and stood dismayed.

"You told me you were Cousin Tom."

"So I am cousin Tom! that is my name and relationship. Now Mary," and the black eyes sparkled brimful of depreciating archness, "don't

REPORTER.

J. S. SPIDEL, EDITOR.

CITY OF HENDERSON:

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1863.

TERMS:

One copy six months, \$1 00
One copy one year, 2 00
Clubs of five, one year, \$1 75 each.
Clubs of ten, one year, 1 50 each;
Clubs of twenty, and one to
person sending club, 1 50 each.

BLANKS! BLANKS!

We have on hand, printed on excellent paper—

Magistrate's Executions.

Summons,

Constable's Replevin Bonds,
and are prepared to print to order, on short notice, legal blanks of every description.

Wheeler & Wilson's Family Sewing Machines have achieved a great reputation for their superiority over other machines. They are certainly very desirable in every well-regulated family. Possessing all the modern improvements, tuckers, hemmers, etc., they have no superior. See advertisement of the agent, M. B. Swain, in another column.

C. E. Richardson, publisher, New York, has just issued a book entitled "The First Year of the War," written by E. A. Pollard, editor of the Richmond Examiner, and B. M. DeWitt, of the Richmond Enquirer. The work is an exact reprint of the Southern edition, 1 vol., 8vo., bound in cloth, price \$2.00. Sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Read the advertisement.

On Sunday evening last a negro boy was riding up Elm street, when the horse became unmanageable and threw him to the ground so violently that one of his legs was broken.

Trustees of common school districts may find agreeable information in the notice of John McCullagh.

Our friend, N. V. Gerhart; has again arrived in our city with another stock of goods, which he has opened out in the old postoffice building. His stock embraces all kinds of dry-goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, tin-ware, etc.

Chas. H. Sandefur, formerly of this city, died at Camp Chase, Ohio, two or three days since. He is a son of Wm. H. Sandefur, of this place; enlisted in the Confederate service in 1861 and was taken prisoner at the surrender of Fort Donelson; was exchanged, and then again taken prisoner during the five days fighting near Murfreesboro last winter. His body will be brought home for interment.

Jo. Stevens has opened a confectionery and pastry shop in the little brick, across the street from the southern corner of Alves' grove. He does things up in nice order, and we trust will secure many customers.

Arrest of Hon. C. L. Vallandigham

A Cincinnati telegram of May 5th says: "The Hon. C. L. Vallandigham was arrested at his residence in Dayton between one and two o'clock this morning by a detachment of United States' soldiers from this city. The soldiers were obliged to batter down two or three doors before they could reach his room. His friends had the fire-bells rung, and an attempt was made to rally a force for a rescue, but it could not be obtained in time. There is a good deal of talk on the streets of Dayton this morning, but not much excitement."

The report about the shooting of Gen. Bragg by Gen. Breckinridge was a sensational lie.

The Big Grey Eagle was down yesterday evening, on time. She is decidedly one of the best boats on the Ohio. Her officers are all clever gentlemen, and ever assiduous in their attentions to passengers. Her success in business is the surest evidence of her popularity. We have traveled on the Big Eagle and know whereof we speak. She was built expressly for this trade and is a permanent "institution" between here and Louisville. She has won the appellation of "Kentucky's favorite". Long may she maintain it. She leaves our wharf every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

Another great battle may be expected at Murfreesboro at any time. It is announced that the Confederates have made an advance towards the Federal works. Gen. Rosecrans has a large and well appointed army, and is doubtless well prepared for the impending conflict. It is stated that Bragg has received considerable reinforcements, and, under the direction of Gen. Joe Johnston, presents a front formidable in proportion. A victory or a defeat awaits the distinguished Generals commanding the respective armies. The battle alone can determine the successful officer.

BATTLE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

The telegraphic dispatches for two or three days have given various accounts fighting at Fredericksburg, Va. There is nothing very definite, however, in any of them, all being "specials." We have seen no official dispatches giving any account of the fight. It is announced that the Government is not ready for the news to be made public. The latest news is to the effect that Gen. Lee's army is cut off. The Federals being both in his front and rear, with high hopes of defeating him.—We await further events before devoting much space to the special accounts.

P. S.—Since the above was put in type we have received a later dispatch, which will be found under the proper head.

The General Association of Kentucky Baptists met at Shelbyville on Friday, May 1st. The attendance was very fair, considering the times, there being fifty-one ministers present. The introductory sermon was preached by Elder G. C. Lorimer, of Walnut Street Baptist Church, Louisville, on Friday night.—The Association collected \$222.40 for Foreign Missions. On Saturday morning the church was dedicated—sermon by Eld. Wm. Vaughn. The church building is one of the finest in the State. There was subscribed and collected on the occasion \$2,200, to relieve the church of its indebtedness. The most perfect harmony prevailed. No asperity or bitter feeling could be discovered on account of political opinions—they were assembled as a band of christians, and fully discharged the duties which devolved upon them as preachers of the Gospel. The other denominations of Shelbyville threw the doors of their churches open to the Baptists, who occupied all the pulpits in the place. This christian courtesy is right and proper, and manifests a brotherly fellowship worthy of all commendation.—The Association adjourned on Saturday at 5 o'clock, P. M., to meet at Bardstown on May 1st, 1864.

LIBERTY.—J. B. Archer's boat, Liberty, is one of the fastest boats out. She is on the regular mail line between Louisville and Memphis. She will be at our wharf next Saturday at 3 o'clock P. M., for Louisville. Capt. Archer is well and favorably known to our citizens as a good officer and clever gentleman. George O. Hart presides at the desk. Success to the Liberty.

GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.—Hon. Joshua F. Bell has declined the nomination of the Union State Convention for the office of Governor of Kentucky.

The Union Central Committee, of which Hon. James Guthrie is Chairman, have nominated Hon. Thomas E. Bramlette as a candidate for the Governorship in place of Mr. Bell.

We clip the following paragraphs from the Louisville Journal of Tuesday, 5th inst.:

The following ladies were notified yesterday to prepare to go within the Confederate lines by the 13th inst.: Mrs. Chas. Johnson, wife of Lieut. Col. Johnson, A. A. G. to Gen. Bragg; Mrs. Susan Burns, wife of Captain Jas. Burns, of the Confederate army; and Mrs. Joyes, wife of Judge Joyes, formerly of this city.

John B. Foreman was sent across the river yesterday with instructions to take up his residence there during the war, and not return, on penalty of death, should he violate the order.

The troops in Kentucky, other than those belonging to the Ninth Army Corps, are to be organized into the Twenty-third Army Corps, to be commanded by Gen. Hartsuff.

Twenty-seven men were arrested in Centreville, Indiana, on Saturday, by the sheriff of the county, for manifesting symptoms of disloyalty, and placed in jail. It is said that they were armed and disturbing the peace.

Thomas M. Campbell, late of the Confederate army, will be executed, in accordance with the sentence of the court-martial, on the 8th inst., at Cincinnati. He was convicted of having acted in the capacity of a spy for the rebels.

Mr. Ross was released from the Military Prison yesterday upon taking the oath and giving bond in the sum of \$5,000.

One hundred and eighty-seven prisoners of war will be sent to Baltimore from this city to-day.

J. H. Covington and Robt. Howe, deserters from the rebel army, were sent across the river yesterday to remain during the war, on penalty of death, should they return.

The Fight in Monticello, Ky.—A day or two since, Gen. Carter crossed the Cumberland below Somersett, and attacked the rebels at Monticello, Wayne county, driving them out of the town, the enemy fleeing by two roads, some taking the Albany and others the Jamestown road. The Federal forces followed the enemy out the Albany road four miles, and those out the Jamestown road eight miles. The enemy it is said, lost eight men killed, several wounded, and many taken prisoners, among the latter being two commissioned officers. The Federals sustained no loss whatever.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

For the Henderson Reporter.

THE RESULT OF EMANCIPATION.

As emancipation is no longer a question in the future, but a result which in the changes of human events is being accomplished, it may not be uninteresting to the general reader to learn something in regard to freeing the blacks in other countries.

A practical demonstration must certainly be regarded as a surer method of arriving at the truth than any theory however plausible.

The question of emancipating the blacks in the West Indies was long agitated in Great Britain before any steps were taken to change the system of labor. The champions of freedom argued that by conferring the status of a citizen on the black man he would, thereby, not only be elevated from the degraded position of servitude, but it would also be the means of bringing into active operation the native powers of the mind; that it would lead to virtue, industry and a proper regard for self—that it would develop that self-moving power which everywhere marks the course of the Caucasic race of the human family.

This was the theory of Mansfield, Sharp, and others. The candid mind must acknowledge that it was, to say the least of it, worth a trial. If all could be accomplished that these champions claimed, a problem of inestimable importance to the human family would be solved.

The destiny of a race turning on a single point, namely, a self-sustaining energy, is a question of no small importance. The trial was made, and the results are now before the world. It was a fortunate circumstance, too, that the test was made in a climate the most admirably adapted to the constitution, habits, and taste of the African. With a climate the most salubrious, and a soil which almost yielded spontaneously many of the exporting products; with a country already reclaimed from its natural state; with the various appliances of art for the preparations of the products of the soil for the market; with scores of ships ready to convey every pound of cotton, sugar or coffee to any port in the known world; and last, with a long experience in the cultivation of tropical products, which in itself, is always regarded as a powerful auxiliary in any department of labor. With all these, I say, at his hand, the free black of the Caribbean Islands began to test the problem under as favorable circumstances as could possibly be imagined.

The improvements which it took the nations of Europe thousands of years to discover were placed at the disposal of the emancipated blacks in a single day. Without any effort of his own he had preachers and teachers, who plied their various arts with a zeal that would have done credit to a Loyola.

One quarter of a century has now tested the capability of the African to advance in the great march of civilization. The natural resources of his mind have had a fair trial, and we are no longer left to the vagaries of theorists and philanthropists, who would claim anything or everything for this species of the human race.

I find in the late valuable work of Mr. Christy that he selects Jamaica from among the other British West-India Islands, as the one in which can be seen more particularly the results of emancipation. This is done, as he says, because it is by far the largest of the whole group, and has been unaffected by great density of population, or the introduction of coolie labor." He then gives a table showing the difference in the export in the article of sugar, this being the chief product of commerce in the Island.

It will be important for the reader to bear in mind that in the year 1808 the slave trade was prohibited, and that the emancipation bill passed in 1833, to take partial effect the following year. From 1834 to 1838 the quondam slaves were to serve as apprentices, after which date they were entirely free. The intelligent reader will at once be able to compare the figures of the subjoined table, which I have taken from the work above referred to:

FOUNDS OF SUGAR EXPORTED FROM JAMAICA.

Years.	Pounds.
1712 to 1775.....	123,979,700
1788 to 1791.....	145,794,837
1799 to 1803.....	193,781,140
1804 alone.....	177,436,750
1805 ".....	237,751,150
1806 ".....	231,656,650
1807 to 1808.....	197,963,825
1809 to 1810.....	180,963,825
1811 alone.....	218,874,600
1812 to 1821.....	183,706,280
1822 to 1832.....	153,760,431
1833 to 1835.....	131,129,100
1836 alone.....	75,990,950
1839 to 1843.....	67,924,800
1846 to 1848.....	68,539,200
1856 to 1858.....	46,456,592

It will be observed here that the most prosperous year after emancipation was 1836. But even this year is not a test of the marks of a helpless poverty are upon the

a free system of labor, for the blacks were yet to a certain degree under the control of the master. But even throwing this year in the annual average of the sugar crop will not exceed twenty-five million pounds, whereas an average of the crop under slavery will amount to about fifty millions. This deficiency was not confined to the sugar crop. The cotton interest suffered in the same ratio; the exports of this article being in 1800 seventeen million of pounds, and in the year 1840 only 427,000.

The above figures show conclusively that the agricultural interests of Jamaica suffered a ruinous decline since the date of emancipation. But we are not entirely dependent on bare figures to carry an idea of the economic condition of the Island.

Mr. Christy draws copiously from the writings of men who have themselves visited the West-India Islands. He gives the following as the language of Mr. Bigelow, of the New York Evening Post, in regard to the ruinous decline of the agricultural interests of Jamaica:

"The decline has been going on from year to year, daily becoming more apparent until at length the Island has reached what would appear to be the last profound of distress and misery—when thousands of people do not know when they rise in the morning when or in which manner they are to procure bread for the day."

Again Mr. Christy quotes from the London Times, on the emancipation of Jamaica:

"The negro has not acquired with his freedom any habits of industry or morality. His independence is little better than that of an uncaptured brute. Having accepted few of the restraints of civilization he is amenable to few of its necessities; and the wants of his nature are easily satisfied that at the current rate of wages he is called upon for nothing but fitful or desultory exertion. The blacks, therefore, instead of becoming intelligent husbandmen have become vagrants and squatters, and it is now apprehended that with the failure of cultivation in the Island will come the failure of its resources for instructing and controlling its population. So imminent does this consummation appear that memorials have been signed by classes of colonial societies, hitherto standing aloof from politics, and not only the bench and the bar, but the bishop, clergy, and ministers of all denominations in the Island, without exception, have recorded their conviction that in the absence of timely relief the religious and educational institutions of the Island must be abandoned, and the masses of the population retrograde to barbarism."

From the above it is evident that the British soon discovered the fruitlessness of free African labor. The theorists had deceived the people, as they usually do, and the latter were compelled to devise some scheme by which they could extricate themselves from the precarious condition in which they were so unwittingly placed.

British revenue and commerce were suffering. The lash could no longer be applied to the negro to make him work. No moral incentive was sufficiently powerful to infuse a spirit of industry into the race. An expedient at length suggested itself. The over crowded cities of China and India promised a relief. Coolies were imported and the most fertile islands in the world saved from impending ruin and desolation.

As before stated, but few coolies have been imported into Jamaica. The result therefore of emancipation is more observable here than in any of the other British West-India Islands. In the fate of Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, we may read the future of New Orleans, Charleston, or any of the flourishing cities of the Southern States. "If the city of Kingston be taken as an illustration of the prosperity of Jamaica, the visitor will arrive at a more deplorable conclusion than those pointed out by commercial statistics. It seems like a romance to read to-day in the capitol of Jamaica the account of that capitol's former splendor. Its magnificent churches, now time-worn and decayed are scarcely superior to the stables of some Fifth Avenue magnate. There is not a house in the city in decent repair; not one that looks as though it could withstand a respectable breeze; not a wharf in good order; not a street that can exhibit a square yard of pavement; no side-walks; no drainages; scanty water; no light. The same picture of neglect meets one everywhere. The streets are filthy, the beach lots more so, and the commonest laws of health totally disregarded. Wreck and ruin, destitution and neglect. There is nothing now in Kingston. The people, their horses, their houses and all that belongs to them, look old and worn. There are no improvements to be noted; not a device, ornament, or conceit of any kind, to indicate the presence of taste or refinement. The inhabitants, taken en masse, are steeped to the eye-lids in immorality; promiscuous intercourse of the sexes is the rule; the population shows an unnatural decrease; illegitimacy exceeds legitimacy; abortion and infanticide are not unknown. The

faces of the people whom you meet, in their dress, in their very gait. Have I described a God-forsaken place, in which no one seems to take any interest, without life and without energy, old and dilapidated, sickly and filthy, cast away from the anchorage of sound morality, of reason and common sense? Then verily have I described Kingstone in 1860."

The fate of Kingstone will be the fate of every Southern city whenever the cotton, sugar and rice interests are dependent on free African labor. The greatest

wonder of the age is, how any, with the fate of those islands before them, can be found to advocate, as an economic advantage, a free system of labor. No one who has observed the condition of the African in the Northern States, or in Canada, but must be convinced at once of the futility

of depending on this class, other than involuntary servitude, for the production of any great staple article of commerce.

A miserable patch of corn, a dilapidated hut through which the smoke permeates in a thousand variegated directions, whose roof neither furnishes protection from the blistering rays of the sun in summer, nor the snows and rains in winter, a spring-halt or spayed horse, a few pigs and poultry, are the usual characteristics which distinguish the free African husbandman. He is still more degraded and thrlless in the towns and cities.

Here he must work, steal, or starve. He sometimes works, but prefers stealing, and occasionally starves. He accepts nearly all the vices of the age, and discards the virtues; his resort is in the dram-shop, and not in the church; he is besotted and ignorant, seemingly without the capacity or will to elevate himself to that standard of intelligence and usefulness which so particularly distinguish other types of the human family. It seems impossible to stimulate him to energy. The Canadian government has even donated lands to those who may choose to become farmers. This, too, has failed of bearing any fruitful result. The blacks are mere squatters, without the industry to make a respectable livelihood, and not unfrequently may be found roaming over the country earning a few shillings, which is usually spent for gaudy trinkets to adorn their persons. Their homes, miserable as they are, as well as their families, are neglected, while the male population at length drag out a miserable existence in the county gaol or house of correction. Such has been the fate of thousands of Africans set free, and such will be the inevitable fate of tens of thousands more, who are or will be free.

How, then, can the most sanguine advocates of emancipation hope for success? The Utopian dreams of the advocates of West-India emancipation have vanished as the cloud that skims the bosom of the majestic ocean, and the dreams of the American emancipationists will vanish amid the crumbling ruins of a glorious empire.

The Japan or Virginia—Her Armament

ARAB VALOR AND STRATEGY.

The Moslem conquerors, having taken Bosra, proceeded to lay siege to Damascus. That beautiful Syrian city was strongly garrisoned, and the Emperor Heraclius sent five thousand disciplined troops to his relief. But the Christian leaders quarreled among themselves, as usual, and brought defeat upon their cause.

The Emperor then sent away an army of a hundred thousand men to cope with the besiegers, who numbered less than fifty thousand; but such was the valor and fanatic fury of these wild children of the desert, and such their skill in attack and retreat, that they fell upon the Christian hosts and routed them with immense slaughter.

Heraclius again raised an army of seventy thousand men and sent them under the same commander, Werdan, to relieve the besieged city. The Arabs advanced to meet him.

"Who will go and bring me tidings of the enemy?" said Khaled, the terrible Arab chief.

And his friend, the valiant Derar, answered:

"I will go."

He departed, and, hovering before the army of Werdan, on his fleet Arab charger, was descried and pursued by thirty horsemen.

Derar feigned to fly; but when he saw the horsemen separated in the pursuit he turned, and, receiving them one after another on the point of his lance, slew seventeen of them successively, and then escaped unharmed to Khaled.

Perceiving what a foe he had to deal with Werdan resolved to subdue him by stratagem. Accordingly, when the adverse hosts were drawn up in battle array, he sent a messenger to the Arab leader.

Now this messenger was traitor at heart—one of those men who were averse to carrying on the war against their misguided Southern brethren, the Arabs.

"I am sent by Werdan," said he to Khaled, "to invite you to meet him tomorrow morning, singly, to treat of terms of peace. Such is my errand. But beware, O! Khaled! for ten chosen men will be stationed in the night near the place of conference, to surprise and kill thee."

He then put the Arab in possession of all the particulars of the intended act of perfidy, and, having received assurances of protection for himself and family, returned to Werdan with the intelligence that the proposal for a "peace conference" was accepted.

Such was the stratagem in those days; an art in which no wily Arab was to be outdone by a Christian.

At midnight Khaled's bosom friend, Derar, with nine companions, left the camp, came by stealth upon the ten ambushed soldiers of Werdan, found them asleep, cut off their heads, and disguising themselves in their clothes, took their places.

So it happened that when Werdan arrived at the appointed time to confer with Khaled he saw the familiar dress of his chosen warriors, and, supposing all was as he desired, advanced confidently and confronted his intended victim.

But the ten ambushed men, rising up at the moment decided upon, made a strange mistake! Instead of taking Khaled's head they struck off that of Werdan himself; a turn of affairs that filled the Christian army with such panic that it was easily routed in a great battle which decided the fate of Damascus.

THE TRUTHFUL WOMAN.—Mighty is the moral influence of the truthful and sincere woman—she whose character is crystal clear, without fold and without waxen mask. In the neighborhood where she lives she has ever the casting vote in favor of men and measures, while her disapprobation is accepted as the judgment of one whose truthfulness gives her insight; and her very prejudices are listened to with respect, and suffered to carry weight. Sincerity is one of the qualities absolutely necessary in love and friendship. Though her nature be of the tenderest, her sympathies warm as sunshine, and her compassion soft as swan's down, yet if our friend has not sincerity her gold is but burnished brass, and her music soft-voiced discord. Of what strange mistake!

The best proof that night air, in itself, is wholesome, may be found in the fact that even delicate persons can, with perfect impunity, sleep with their windows open. And I see that practice commended in medical journals. The unhealthy time to be out is just after sunset; yet that is precisely the time which the fashionable part of our population seem to prefer for exercise.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and the water of a fountain? One is heir to the throne and the other is thrown to the air.

Why is an elephant like a brick? Because it can't climb a tree.

A friend in the country sends us

the following:

A young minister went out to preach, and observed during his discourse a lady who seemed to be much affected. After meeting, he concluded to pay her a visit, and see what were the impressions of her mind. He approached her thus:

"Well madam, what were you so affected about during preaching to-day?"

"Lah me," said the lady, "I'll tell you. About six years ago me and my husband moved to this place, and all the property we had was a jackass. Husband he died, and me and the beast were all left alone. At last the beast died; and to tell you the truth, your voice put me so much in mind of that dear old critter, that I couldn't help takin' on and cryin' about it, right in meatin'."

The minister was satisfied, and axed no more questions.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares: "There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derbydays, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasures or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-makin'."

An honest son of Erin, green from his peregrinations, put his head into a lawyer's office and asked the inmate:

"An' what do you sell here?"

"Blockheads," replied the limb of the law.

"Oh, thin, to be sure, said Pat, it is a good trade, for I see there is but one of them left."

A friend of a soldier who is suffering from a wound that may cause him to be a cripple for life, the other day said to him:

"Well, Tom, do you feel like going back into the army, when you shall have recovered from the effects of your wound?"

The soldier thought a moment, and then replied:

"No, not unless I could go back either as an officer or as a nigger."

An Irishman direct from the sod had got into a muss, and was knocked down.

"An' sure you won't be after batin' a man when he's down?" said Pat.

"Certainly not," said his antagonist.

"Faix, then," said Pat, "an' sure I'll just lay where I am."

A Quakeress, jealous of her husband watching him one morning, discovered him kissing the servant girl.—Broadbrim saw the face of his wife through the half opened door, and in a very quiet, calculating manner, said:

"Betsy, thee had better quit peeping or thee will cause a disturbance in this family, thee will."

"Why, my dear child," said an anxious mother to a bright eyed little girl, "what has become of your hoops?"

"Why, ma, I don't mean to wear 'em, any more."

"Why not, child?"

"Because father says there is a tax on 'em, and I do not want the tacks to scratch me!"

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HENDERSON

WAGON AND PLOW

FACTORY.



Agricultural Implements

Of all kinds made to order.

Plows, Wagons, Plow Handles,

Plow Beams and Wagons

Fellows,

Made of the very best material, constantly on hand and for sale.

IRON & STEEL

ALSO FOR SALE.

Highest cash price paid for old iron, brass, copper and rags.

A. O. BROAD.

HENDERSON, Ky., Feb. 12th, 1863.

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC LIQUORS.

My stock of Liquors is very large, consisting

of fine French Brandies, imported direct

from Europe; Apple and Peach Brandy,

Catappa, Madeira, Blackberry and Raspberry

Brandy; Holland Gin, Rum, Bourbon and Rye

Whisky; Port and Sherry Wine, Rhine Wine,

Bitters.

The attention of country merchants is especially called to this branch of my business.

Oct. 2, 1862.

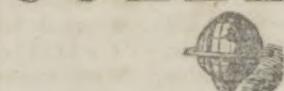
B. KOLTINSKY,

T. L. NORRIS.....E. L. STARLING, JR.

NORRIS & STARLING,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Henderson Female COLLEGE!



H. B. PARSONS, A. M.,
PRESIDENT.

THIS institution will commence its third

session of ten months on Monday,

September 1st, 1862.

The following lists will represent charges

for the respective branches taught in this institution:

Academical branches, including the en-

tre Mathematical course.....\$50.00

Latin.....20.00

Greek.....20.00

French.....20.00

Students taking the entire Collegiate

course.....70.00

The above has reference to a session of ten

months.

Proper deductions will be made in case of

protracted illness on the part of pupils.

Each Student will be charged \$1 for inci-

dental expenses.

Henderson, June 26, 1862—y

GROCERS,

Commission Merchants,

AND DEALERS IN

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

MAIN STREET,

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

STILL OPEN!

FRESH ARRIVAL

OF

GROCERIES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

B. KOLTINSKY,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

DEALER IN

Groceries and Liquors!



At Atkinson's Old Stand, Mill Street.

HENDERSON, KY.

CHEAPEST MART

IN THE CITY!

I WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Henderson and surrounding country that I am truly thankful for the liberal patronage extended to me during the first three months of my stay in this city, and hope to largely increase my trade for the future.

I have just received new additions to my already large stock, and now offer to the people almost every article in the Grocery line at

Prices to Suit the Times.

My terms are CASH EXCLUSIVELY, and my motto,

QUICK SALES & SMALL PROFITS.

I invite the attention of purchasers to my stock, and request an examination before purchasing elsewhere.

B. KOLTINSKY.

Henderson Academy.

THE sixth session of this School commenced on Monday, February 2, 1863, and will continue twenty weeks.

TERMS:

Common English.....\$20.00

High English and Classics.....23.00

Civil and Military Engineering, extra, each.....10.00

Incidentals.....50

MARCH 12, 1863—

WARNER CRAIG,

Proprietor

BOOT AND SHOE-MAKING!

K. GEIBEL,

BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER,

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he may be found at his stand on Second street, two doors from the corner of Main, where he is prepared and ready at all times to execute any order in his line in a neat and fashionable style. He is determined to do business exclusively

ON THE CASH PLAN

and in no instance will credit be extended.

He feels grateful for past patronage and assures the public that no pains shall be spared to merit a continuance of the same.

TERMS POSITIVELY CASH.

DECEMBER 18, 1862.

PRINTING!

UNDERTAKING!

WOOD AND METALIC COFFINS.



HAVING sold my entire stock of Furniture

on that business at my old stand on Main St.,

I would announce that I am engaged in the

Undertaking business exclusively, and at all